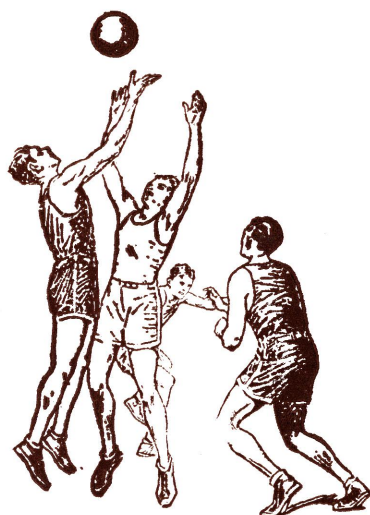


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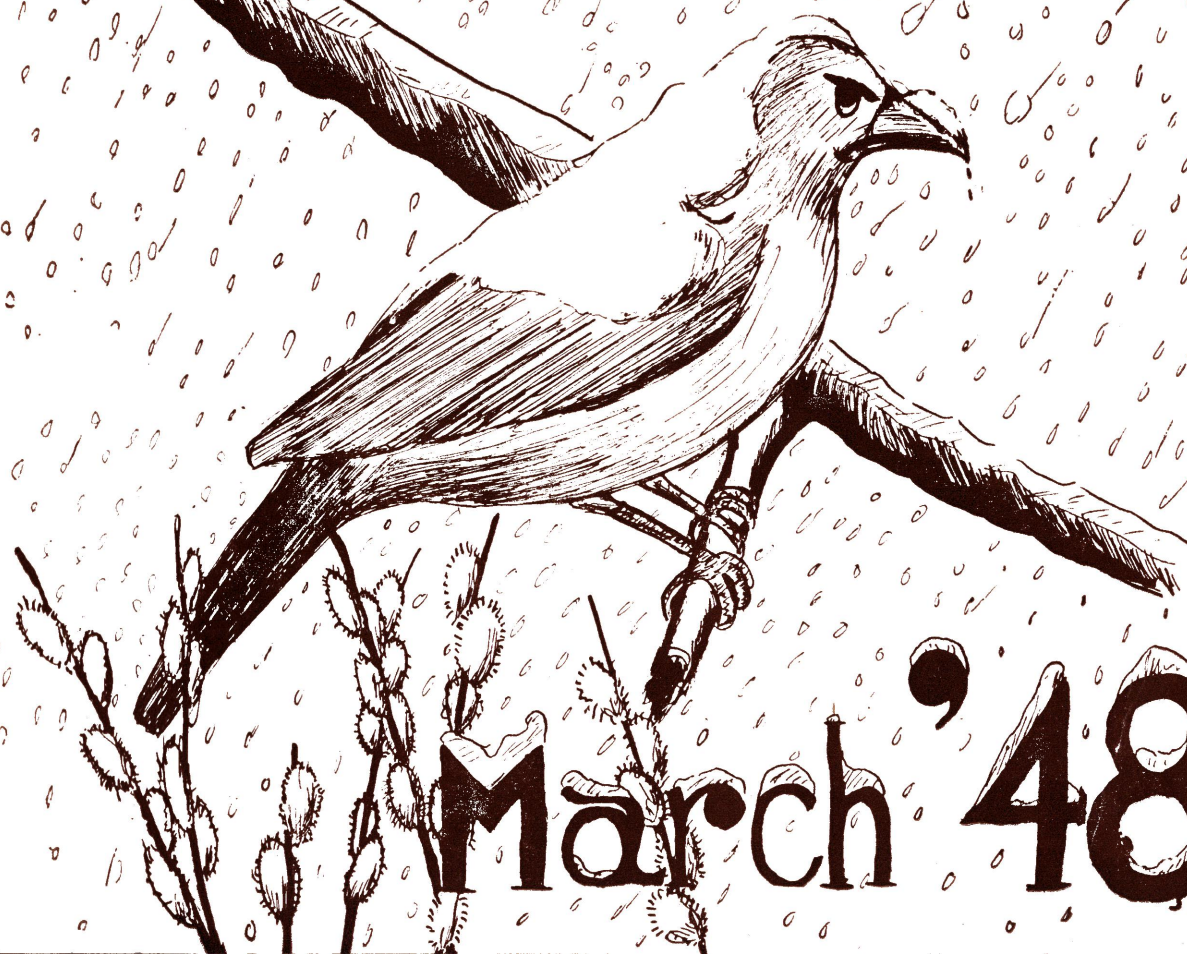
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# The Student's Pen



## March '48



# The Student's Pen

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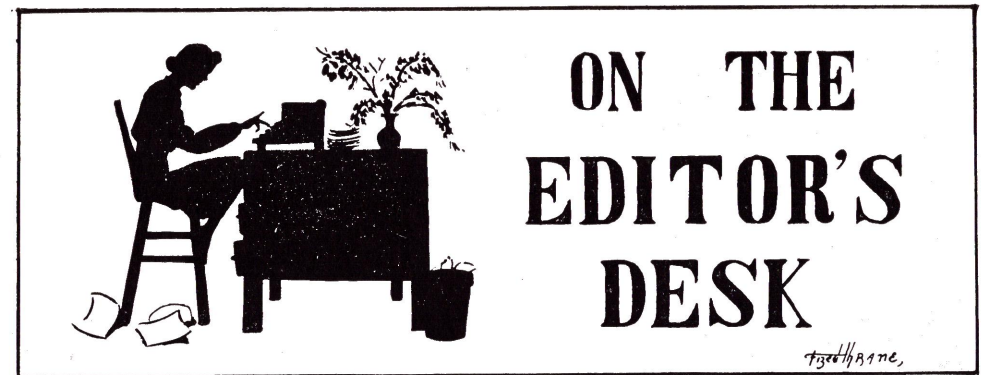
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# “The Time Is Now”

Recently the history students of Pittsfield High studied the city charter in order to learn more about the method by which the city we live in is governed. This was only one attempt of the city and school authorities to make the high school student more conscious of the things that are going on around him, to prepare him for the responsibilities that he will soon have to face alone. These officials know of the closed sphere in which the young person moves. They know how uncertain he is of the happenings and methods of an uncertain world. They know that very soon they will have to entrust their businesses, their society, and their nation to him whose interest now centers around his food and entertainment; whose world, in most cases, has been seen through a pair of rose-colored glasses.

This and all other attempts to make us more aware of the history that is in the making, to give us a small foundation upon which to build democracy, will have been wasted if we learn only for the purpose of getting a mark, with no thought of assimilating any of this knowledge for the future. Yes, time and effort will have been lost, but

more important than this—we shall be more susceptible to the war-mongering of those who would kill liberty. We shall be less able to govern ourselves with the wisdom and justice which characterized the founders of our nation. We shall be unable to maintain the peace which even now is struggling to keep its balance.

We must show our parents that we can do a better job than they did. We must do a better job, but we shall not if we continue to have the nebulous ideas and vague knowledge about governments that mark the high school student. We must show the same interest in the activities of nations that we show in the activities of students.

Do we, who know the number of players on a football team, know the number of members in the United Nations? Do we, who never forget how to manage our dance clubs, and committees, remember how our nation is run? It is now that we should develop our minds along mature lines. It is now that we should learn about and remember these incidents that are taking place in the world we are about to inherit. It is now that we should "build a house where gods may dwell, beautiful, entire, and clean."



# A Package Of Spring

By Mary Bonneville



**C**HIRP!" sang Pete as he swung back and forth on his perch.

Mrs. Flaherty looked up from the stocking she was mending. "Poor bird! Poor little canary," she said. "There you are in a cage all the time." With a deep sigh she returned to her work.

Katey looked up in surprise from the rag rug on which she sat. "Why, Mommy, what makes you so sad? It can't be as bad as it sounds. You told me that, one day when I cried 'cause Gretchen's arm fell off."

"It's nothing, dear. You look out for Gretchen before she falls and breaks something else!"

Katey was silent as she gave thought to the matter. Every day this week as Mother had gone to work in the big office building, she had not been her usual self. There couldn't be any serious problems to worry her. When Katey and her mother had been left alone, they had taken the tiny apartment on

the fourth floor of the rooming-house and Mother had gone to work in the heart of the big city. All had seemed well until this week, for high above the clamor of the noisy street, Mother had made their rooms a home.

"Mother," demanded Katey with all the severity her eight years could manage, "now you tell me what it is, 'cause we can't have such secrets from each other. You said so yourself the time I broke your blue dish and didn't tell you for two days."

A little smile crept over Mrs. Flaherty's face as she spoke to Katey. "As I said, it's nothing. It's just that in the city everything's so brown. There's no way of knowing whether or not it's spring unless you read it in the newspaper. If we only lived in the country just as I did when I was a little girl, everything would be turning green now, and little flowers would be peeking through the leaves. Now you see how silly I am! I can't leave my work, and I can't afford to spend money on train fare just to see spring." She sewed industriously as if to indicate the conversation was closed.

"But, Mother, spring comes in the park. It must!"

"That would be only like an imitation to you, Katey, if you'd seen the real thing. In the country spring is everywhere. If I had just a little of my own—" and she sighed again.

Here was a problem too difficult for Katey to handle alone. She resolved to talk it over with Officer O'Brien tomorrow. He would know the perfect solution. Hadn't he fixed her skate strap yesterday?

The next afternoon found her still firm in her resolution, so as soon as possible, she was discussing the situation with Officer O'Brien. His big Irish heart was sympathetic. He gave Katey a reassuring smile.

CAST AND CHORUS OF "THE MIKADO"  
Presented February 12 and 13 by the Class of 1948

Henzel





"I'll think of something soon, Miss Kate!"

"But what will it be? You can't buy spring wrapped up in a package!"

"Perhaps you can," he laughed, and with a parting wink he promised he would bring spring in time for breakfast tomorrow.

Early the next morning when Katey heard the creak of the stairs she smiled. When she heard the bang on the door, she rushed to open it. There stood jovial Officer O'Brien—but all he had under his arm was a brown paper bag. She had not quite known what to expect, but she was sure this was not it.

"Good morning, Miss Kate. Ah—Good morning, Mrs. Flaherty. Here's a bit of spring," he added as he set the bag on the window sill. Swiftly he tore the bag up one side and down the other.

A ray of sunlight caught the golden yellow as it floated above the green.

"Chirp! Tweet!" sang Pete, and Mrs. Flaherty's sweet face smiled up at Officer O'Brien's round jolly one.

"Yes, you have brought spring! Thank you, oh—so—much!"

Officer O'Brien's bachelor heart gave an alarming thump, and he stammered that it was nothing at all.

When he was half way down the stairs he decided it must be his age—the way his heart thumped and how breathless he had been when he tried to speak.

Around the corner, Mr. Sage talked to himself as he arranged the flowers in his shop. "Imagine! Getting me up so early in the morning! And for what? Daffodils! Who'd have thought he'd want flowers? And so early! Spring! Bah! But it's good for business."

## Fishing

By Charles Jones

IS there something that you like to do better than anything else? Of course there is. There is with everybody. With me it is fishing. Trout fishing to be exact. Ever since I can remember I have liked to go afield, armed with a willowy rod, to attempt to outwit the wary denizens of the sparkling brooks. There is something in the spirit of a fighting trout that sends the blood coursing hotly through my being. I have experienced a feeling of great satisfaction when I laid a glistening speckled beauty in my creel, but I have never felt regret when, after a hard fight, a fish has thrown the hook and won his freedom.

And yet there is something more to fishing than catching fish. There is quiet and contentment by the side of a purling stream. It eases the mind to get away from the cares and troubles of everyday life. There is something refreshing about getting lost with one's self in the shade of overhanging birches.

Every man has his own idea of heaven, but give me a trout rod in my hands, place before me a cold, clear stream in which reside the wary brook trout, and my paradise is complete.

## CAN'T WIN

By Earl Sutor, Jr.

When leaves are gone and storm clouds come,  
And barren is each hill and level,  
One morn we look outside and note  
What do we have but snow—to shovel!

But soon the sun comes shining through  
And beams upon the earth, snow-laden,  
One day we look about and find  
We've slush and mush and mud to wade in!

Still harder beat the sun rays down  
And warm winds o'er the earth will blow.  
We find, when we do glance about—  
That what we have is grass—to mow!

## In The Spring

By Grace Halsey

POMMIE sat (a more acute observer would have said slouched) in a booth in the back of the corner drug store, a coke on the table before him, his head buried in his hands and a look of complete dejection on his usually good-natured face. Bud Prentiss, Pommie's best friend, elbowed his way through the throng of students who were standing about, sat down in the booth with Pommie, simultaneously dropped a nickel into the jute-box, shouted an unintelligible order to the already harassed waitress, and gave his friend a pitying glance.

"Had another fight with Dale?"

Pommie looked up, the epitome of despair. "That's an understatement. I practically engaged in a third World War. I was going to invite her to the Spring Ball, but I wasn't going to tell her until later because her birthday is the same day as the ball and I wanted to surprise her at the last minute. But she thinks that the reason I haven't asked her already is that I'm going to go with Alice Knox, and she won't speak to me. I certainly don't know how I'm going to patch things up."

"Have you tried writing to her?"

"Write! I've written books of notes, but all she does is tear them up."

"Well, something will turn up, and everything will work out."

"Some thing better turn up soon because the ball is next Saturday and I want to go. I think I'll shove off, because Mary Baker asked me to pick up some things for her, and I have to be home by five. Be seeing you."

Taking a last fond look at his coke (for he considered himself too heart-broken to think of such base things as cokes) he left the store, and plodding through the slush that is the inevitable companion of spring in New England, he performed his errands and shuffled into his own home, shocking the entire family with his gloomy countenance.

But they wisely made no mention of this gloom that seemed to hang over him like a cloud (in fact they seemed to accept these moods of depression brought about by love tiffs as common) and after dinner Pommie left the house to walk nobly alone.

As he passed the park, he noticed a solitary figure standing looking at the antics of some children. For a moment he thought it was Dale, and his heart was in his mouth; but when the girl turned—for the figure was that of a girl—he saw that it was the new student in the high school. It was spring, and even though he was broken-hearted, Pommie couldn't help feeling a little gay so he walked over to her. Before he knew it, he had asked her to the Spring Ball.

Later as he walked home, he was rather surprised at his own audacity. He had been considered Dale's steady for years, and never before, no matter how bad he had felt, had he ventured away from the fold. Yet he didn't feel very unfaithful to Dale, considering the way she had acted; and as he walked, his step became more buoyant and a new light filled his soul.

In the spring a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love, and the thoughts aren't too very particular *where* they land, as long as they land somewhere.

## DISAPPOINTMENT

By Jack Strauss

Groping fingers in desperate endeavor.  
Long for a reward in form of change.  
Moments seem to last forever  
As critical comments bring a feeling strange.  
Angry lips are curled to cuss  
But fingers and coins inevitably meet,  
Six cents warrant admittance to the bus.  
Egads! There is no seat.



# Spring Time Is Swing Time

By John Coughlin



IT'S here again, that season when a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of —??? Yes, it's spring! Nature is blooming in all her variegated beauty after her dormant stage during the bleak, dismal winter. The trees are exchanging their white raiments of snow for swelling buds and tiny, lacelike blossoms. Tender, green blades are pushing forth from the rich earth, and the robins struggle with plump worms that have come out to enjoy the spring breeze.

Children soon take advantage of this change in nature. Sleds, skates, and skis are stored in the attic for another year. Out come balls, bats, and gloves. Yes, a young man's

fancy turns to thoughts of baseball, America's national sport. From the neighborhood diamonds to the Yankee Stadium, this great game is again making its annual debut.

The vacant lot down the street will soon be ringing with the crack of the bat as the ball is driven over the fence for a home run. Aspiring young players dart from base to base, and romp home amid the cheers of their comrades.

"He's safe by a mile!"

"No, he's out!"

The shouts of enthusiastic, partisan observers pierce the spring air. Devotees of sand-lot ball, these boys have as their idols such great athletes as Bob Feller, Ted Williams, the Di Maggios, Hank Greenberg, and Al Newhouser.

But the corner lot is not the only place where baseball reigns supreme. Here in town, Coach Fox's high school squad is having a strenuous workout down at Clapp Park, while up at Wahconah Park, the loyal fans of the Pittsfield Electrics are once again in ecstasy.

The major league clubs are coming back from spring training, and soon the radio wires will be humming with baseball games. This year, with the rising popularity of television, we may actually see the games. The street-corner and barber-shop observers will start speculating on the winner of the 1948 World Series (of course it will be the Red Sox!). Young and old alike will enjoy this sport either as active participants or as observers.

## THE IMPORTUNATE ONE

By Claire Rosenfield

The roaring ocean beats the shore,  
Upon the rocks its white foam falls,  
As if to burst a bolted door  
Or prison walls.

# Sea Folks

By E. Sutor, Jr.



due to their surroundings. They are like the land that tries to shelter them, rough and rugged; their moods and feeling are like the sea which gives them their livelihood, uncertain and everchanging.

These sea folk are not a lonely people, though. Not the native ones, I mean. But any mainlander venturing into their midst becomes almost immediately lonely and restless. One feels cut off from friends and companions, cut off from the whole world. And the fact that these sea folk have no liking for "outsiders" never helps matters any. But sea folk are not lonely or bored. Their life, their friends, their relatives, their homes, their businesses are all right on this twenty-one square miles of land where they live. They know nothing of the worry, the trials, the competition we mainlanders know, and it matters little to them.

Want to write a good character sketch? Then sit down on one of the island's docks about 5.30 p. m. just as the fishing boats are coming in. The screeching of the gray gulls, the lapping of the waves against the sturdy hulls of the boats, the fresh tang of the salt air, all will put you in a good writing mood. Then around the point comes chugging one boat after another, each with its varied load of sea creatures. A boat pulls up by the side of the wharf and starts to unload its fish into waiting barrels. A grizzled old man in the boat hurls up the fish onto the dock with a type of pitchfork, while the younger-looking fellow, supposedly the old man's son, throws them into the barrels. While they are accomplishing this task, a strange, yet interesting conversation takes place.

"Looks like we got in just ahead of that Nor'wester, son."

"Ayuh."

"Son, soon as ya can, clean up a couple o'

THREE leagues or more south of Rhode Island's shores, out in seas as rough and as treacherous at times as the fierce mid-Atlantic, a tiny island braves the seas, time, and nature itself.

Bordering nearly the entire island are tall, ragged seacliffs, from whose summits beam out several great light-houses. The physical features of the island could be compared to the visage of an old man, rough and wrinkled, scarred and pock-marked—the pocks being gullies filled with rain forming many tiny ponds and pools. Since the island is wind-swept to the nth degree, being practically void of trees, the houses have the appearance of being scraped and chiseled by some giant carpenter.

Here we find a race of beings set apart from the rest of the world. Although they somewhat resemble their brethren who port along the mainland's seaboard, there is still a distinct difference. They seem more rugged, more individualistic, more salty. Therefore let's give them a name—the "Sea-Folks".

Their characteristics are, most naturally,



them yellar tails and we'll have us some supper o' them."

"Ayuh."

At this point the younger rolls away the barrel and the older wipes his hands off on his ragged flannel shirt. He pulls out a stub of a pipe from the depths of his massive pocket, and lights it. After he has taken several contented drags, his son returns and together they stroll off down the sandy street.

## Take Over, Driver

By Maureen Vincent

MOST of us have become especially interested in the family car and in the proper method of operating it since we are now nearing or have arrived at the age at which Massachusetts considers us mentally and physically capable of driving a car. Our interests in this subject have been increased by Mr. Strout's recent announcement that a driving course will be held here at Pittsfield High to encourage boys and girls to practice more safety on the road.

Since most of us have grown up virtually surrounded by automobiles, driving with our parents, watching bus and truck drivers handling their huge machines, and being instructed in correct safety precautions in school and at home, we have quite clearly established in our minds the right operations to carry out when we take over the driver's seat and grasp the steering wheel. It would be to our advantage to glean as much knowledge as possible from this driving course being offered us, since we, the future motorists of America, should eliminate all the accidents and casualties resulting from careless driving and insufficient knowledge of the road. It will be within our powers to push down the high black line on the accident graph by driving safely, obeying traffic laws, and having consideration for the safety of all who use the highways. Driving, made light of by many, is

They are content. They have just accomplished a good day's work. What do they care for Mozart's minuets, for Shakespeare's sonnets, or for Raphael's "Virgin"? Their entire interest is centered around the sea and their tiny homeland. They are happy folks, these sea-folk. But their happiness is different from ours. They do not need material things to bring it about. Theirs comes from their hearts where the joy of living reigns.

an important, dangerous business which should be undertaken with utmost care and caution. Alertness, quick-thinking, and prompt action are qualities which we must strive to obtain so that we may be ready when the driving instructor says, "Take over the wheel—driver!"

## A POEM FOR THE STUDENT'S PEN

By Maureen Vincent

'Tis the night before the deadline,  
The time has come again  
To start my brain aworkin'  
On a poem for THE PEN.

So I sharpen up my pencil,  
And I sit me down to write  
Some verse like Henry Longfellow's,  
Though I'll be up half the night.

I pull my hair and chew upon  
My pencil for a snack,  
But still I find not one idea  
At which to take a crack.

Oh, it's like this ev'ry month now,  
An easy life, till when—  
It's time again to think about  
A poem for THE PEN.

## The Easter Rabbit

By Diana Fink

SCOTTY walked slowly down the corridor of Clifford High. The school that he had once been so much a part of seemed cold and strange. It seemed as if his whole world had caved in and was crushing him.

The change in the once happy fellow was not hard to understand. If the book of time could be turned back six months, a different, an extremely different, Scotty would appear on its pages. This old Scotty was the pride of Clifford High and the joy of Coach Ryan. He was the spark plug on the three big teams—football, basketball, and baseball. He lived for sports, and his whole world revolved around his ability as a halfback, forward, and second baseman. Every book on sports he could find he devoured eagerly, and he practised every minute he could spare.

But there was another aspect of sports that Scotty lived for. Companionship! He was never happier than when surrounded by a group of friends in the showers or when deep in conversation with companions on the

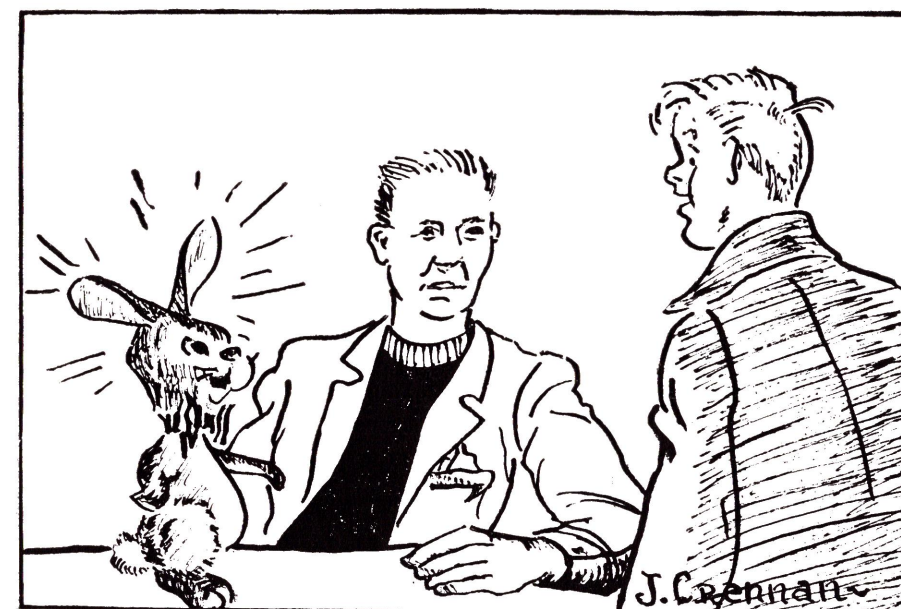
bench. To Scotty the spirit of the locker room was more invigorating than food, more refreshing than sleep. His friendship with the fellows was to him his greatest achievement. It was the glowing spark which struck fire in every game he played.

Then came the heartbreaking accident that was to change Scotty's life completely—the accident that transformed a warm, vibrant youth into a disillusioned shadow of his former self.

It was a stormy night. The road was icy from the night's low temperature. The flying snow almost completely blocked the vision of both driver and pedestrian. A slip of the foot, a blinding flash, and the next thing Scotty was conscious of was that he was in a hospital room.

After four months of agonizing suspense, he learned that he would walk again, but for a long while to come, active sports of any kind were absolutely forbidden.

Forbidden! He would rather have died!





No more of the life he had known,—the excitement, the thrill of physical accomplishment, the joy of keen competition, and, worst of all, no more of the companionship he craved. He could vision how his friends would fade out of the picture one by one. They would have nothing to do with him any more. He grew moody, taciturn, morose. Back at school after his long absence, he withdrew more and more into a shell of reserve. Friends who tried to chat with him felt rebuffed.

"I won't let them fool me," he cried, to himself, "They're just pretending. They don't really care. What would they want with me, now that I can't play ball any more?"

Today as he walked down the hall alone, he set his mask of reserve more firmly. Friends passed him. Some spoke; some didn't.

Then he recalled the problem he had tried to solve for his sister Janey that morning. Little Janey was a bit puzzled about something when with a quizzical look she inquired, "Scotty! Who is the Easter Rabbit?"

Not being prepared for the query, Scotty had answered the best he could.

"I guess he's the first sign of spring. He's sort of a symbol of something new. I mean if you have any troubles or worries, he comes to tell you that there's always a bright side to things."

As he thought back now, he wondered if he had given the right answer.

"Scotty! Hey, Scotty! Wait up!"

Scotty turned to see one of his former pals, Bud Evans, who also played football for Clifford. He was approaching him rapidly with a determined look on his face.

"Listen, Pal," Bud exclaimed, walking beside him, "it's about time we had this out once and for all. What's got into you? You snub your old friends as if they were poison ivy. You haven't spoken to anyone since you got back. Too good for us?"

Scotty looked at him in amazement. "Me

too good for you! I figure it's the other way around. What have we in common now? I don't play ball any more, you know. I'm not one of you."

"So that's it! You must be awfully dumb if you think we went around with you just because you played ball! Friendship means more than ball games. You ought to know that. Ease up a little and come on down to the hangout after school. Okay? Say, by the way, Coach Ryan is looking for you. See you later!"

Scotty, dazed and happy in his new found knowledge, approached the coach's office. What could Mr. Ryan possibly want with him now?

"Come in, Scotty! Good to see you!" Coach Ryan motioned him to a chair. "Look, son, the baseball season is here. I know you can't play, but the team needs a new manager, and you know the club well, so——."

Scotty didn't hear another word. Manager! Everything had been in his imagination. They had all been pulling for him, not against him! The Coach's face altered in Scotty's vision, first to resemble that of his regained buddy, and then, slowly, as the meaning became clear to him, into the face of the Easter Rabbit.

### THE RELIEF

By Claire Rosenfield

At last the weary, silent day  
Into the earth has sent our light;  
And now is spread o'er all the way  
A cloak of night.

All fears flee from the tired breast;  
The stars from out the darkness gleam;  
And troubled men lie down to rest  
By Lethe's stream.

## Abolition, I Say—Abolition!

By E. Sutor, Jr.

CHAW, char—pft—blop! Chaw, chaw —pft—blop! Stop it, stop it, I can stand it no longer! Make me take a million physics tests or force me to give a billion oral topics, but *please* don't compel me to witness another fulmination of that gruesome goo known as "bubble gum."

Before I go any farther, I must inform the reader that this is to be a rather nasty bit of writing. However acrimonious I may have to be, I feel that it is necessary. I believe that the time has come for the abolishing of this low form of something or other; namely, Bubble-Gum-Chewing.

In the first place, it's degrading. This is especially true for the female of the species. Picture, if you will, a cute young thing strolling down the street toward you. Note the confident tilt of her head. Observe the books under her arm, the neatness of her dress, the gracefulness of her stride. She is, you'd say, the very essence of femininity—and possibly correctness. Then, just as she passes you—Blop! Bubblegum! See what I mean by "degrading"?

Also I question its effects, biologically speaking. Right now, while I write this, I must confess that I am chewing gum. It's just the plain old conventional type. (Peppermint I think, and good, too!) It imparts a certain "fresh" feeling to my mouth. But bubble-gum—wow! I've never tasted anything so sickeningly sweet in all my life. Surely, in making bubble-gum an awfully high concentration of sweetening agents must be used to produce this flavor. From the standpoint of personal contact with this stuff (yes, I have chewed some of it, too, and it nearly turned my stomach!) I'd be willing to bet that it has a deleterious effect on one's innards. Thinking along this same line, I'm reminded of a grimy little urchin I saw the other day. He was pulling his bubble-gum out of his mouth

and reeling it back in again with his tongue. Surely his mother wouldn't have let him eat his dinner with his bare hands, unless, of course, she was sure they were immaculate. But there he stood, his dirty little hands stretching out the gum, and each time the hands got stickier and the gum got dirtier.

Another point against B.G., although its manufacturers use it as a favorable one, is its ability to stretch. "Chew Expando Bubble Gum," they advertise, "the gum with the greatest expandability. Now made with that exclusive new ingredient, 'I-T' (Inner Tubes)." By simple observation and deduction you will see why I say that this expandability actually is a bad point for the B.G. The bigger the stretch, the bigger the bubble; the bigger the bubble, the bigger the mess of goo that explodes all over the chewer's face—or somebody else's face. I'll never forgive my kid brother for bursting a bubble right in our little kitten's face. My, but that cat had a terrible time getting gum out of her whiskers! (Chuckle) Seriously, it was a mean and nefarious thing to do. (Subdued chuckle).

B.G. chewing looks "cheap". This, I believe, is the crux of my whole argument. Have I any decisive evidence to prove my statement? I'll say! I can think of many incidents, but there is one that is outstanding. It occurred at a recent basketball game. As I sat peacefully and quietly shouting my head off for dear ol' P.H.S., my eyes just happened to wander over to a row of girls sitting nearby. I was astounded! Every single one of those girls (there must have been a dozen or more) was chewing B.G.! Apropos, have you ever seen a row of stanchioned cows at meal time?

So I sound the battle-cry to all respectable citizens—"Eschew the Chew!" The Bubble is not King! There is no alternative! There is but one answer—abolition, I say, abolition!



# WHO'S WHO



"PEACHES"

"Stop that puck, Peaches," echoes over the Common, thus introducing this genial senior, George (Peaches) Leonard. His ability in sports is not limited to hockey alone. He also plays football and track. It is not a very hard task to distinguish his favorite pastime—sports. After a hard day at school, Peaches thinks there's nothing like a porterhouse steak to sooth one's nerves. Peaches is college bound when he graduates. Having no pet peeves and having such a nice personality, we're sure he'll achieve his goal.

## BUSY GIRL

Introducing Mary Granfield, one of the busiest members of the Class of 1948, for it's her job to secure ads for the '48 Yearbook. This popular senior, besides being Business Manager of the Yearbook, is a member of the Student Council, on the Advertising Staff of THE PEN, and president of Beta Tri-Hi. Mary goes out for all sports and at present is trying out for the basketball team. She plans to attend the University of Massachusetts after graduation.



"IKE"

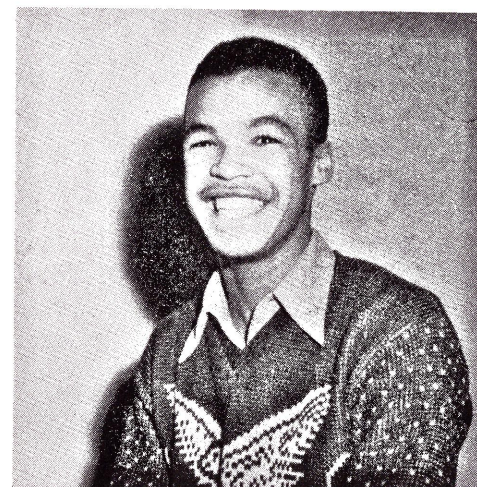
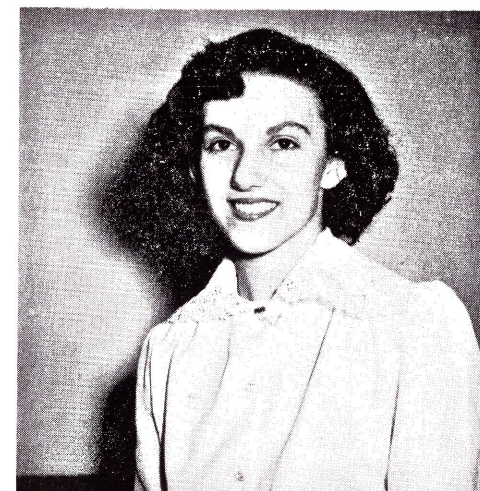
Is it necessary to introduce Isaiah "Ike" Petruzella? This senior has won countless laurels for P. H. S. in basketball as our starring center, and in track. Among his likes are Mr. Reynolds, study hall, and the tune "Beg Your Pardon." As for food, Pizzo and banana-cream pie rate tops with him. As to girls and peeves—he has none!! "Ike" at present has no plans for the future. All he wants is to get the most out of life.

March, 1948

15

"DI"

"Di," as she is called by her friends, is a very quiet, but very active member of the Senior Class. Besides carrying a full schedule of classes, she is Girls' Sports Editor of THE PEN and of the Yearbook, a member of the Picture Committee, the Program Committee, the Camera Club, and the Glee Club. In her spare time she enjoys bowling, hockey, and basketball. As for hobbies, they are eating, sports, music, and reading. Di's pet peeve is bad sportsmanship.



"MOE"

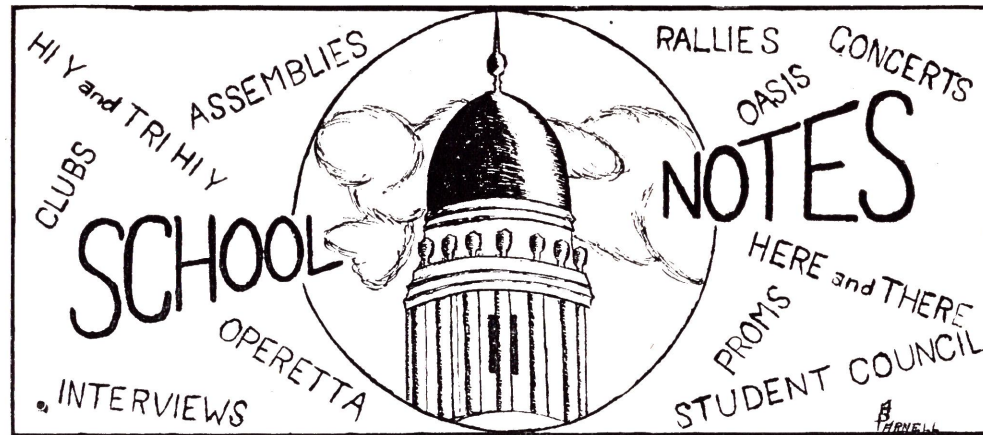
Here's a sophomore who has already made himself known to most of us by his fine work on the basketball court. Substitute center, Donald Morehead has made a great hit with basketball fans. He should in another year be one of our star centers. Graduate of Tucker, Don has made many friends since entering high school. His pleasing smile would indicate an equally pleasing personality.

"GINNY"

If you've ever been in the gym after school, you must have met Virginia Ditmar. This popular senior is vice-president of her class and one of those snappy cheerleaders. She is a member of Zeta Tri-Hi. Athletically inclined, "Ginny" goes out for all sports, basketball being one of her favorites. Her plans after graduation are according to "Ginny," "very indefinite." If you know "Ginny" you'll know she'll be successful.







Margaret Kelly, School Notes Editor  
Giuliano Giusti—Vocational Editor

Assistants—Eleanor Lynch, Joyce Gasper, Leona Gale, Diamond Gregory, June Gaviorno, Dolores Bernardo, Betty Bianchi, Miriam Najimy, Ella Diconzo, Marion Walsh, Jean McDonald, Marilyn Garrity, Elaine Paduano, Barbara Rosa, Laura Staskins, Rita Ross, Robert Jordan.

#### RADIO DRAMATICS CLUB

The newly formed Radio Dramatics Club at Pittsfield High has been very busy. The club's monitor, Mr. Joseph McMahon, and Mr. Frank Weiner, of Station WBEC, have worked very hard to provide interesting programs for the group. The students have heard talks by Mr. Edward Farrell, news editor of WBEC, and Mac McGarry, well known to teen-agers for his program "Requestfully Yours". A movie was shown demonstrating the development of radio broadcasting. It is hoped that soon the students will be producing their own recordings, and several interesting ideas for scripts have been turned in. The club also viewed a film on television at the March 9th meeting, and will hear Miss Arlene Wood, continuity writer at WBEC talk on "Woman's Place in Radio Today".

The students' interest in this new club was attested to by the fact that Mr. McMahon suggested that they leave the March 2nd meeting early, because of the heavy snow-storm, but all stayed to work on their scripts.

The club has elected the following officers: President, Maureen Vincent; Vice-President, Charles Steady; Secretary, Edith Butler; and Publicity Manager, Nancy Knoblock.

#### JUNIOR NOTES

At a recent meeting of the Junior Class Council, Jean Johnson was named chairman of the Good Will Committee. Her committee is as follows: 142, Geraldine Platt; 143, Jean Woodstock; 145, Mary Sullivan; 147, Joan Roberts; 148, Barbara Discoc; 149, Jean McMahon; 212, Mary Ann Jamula; 231, Rosemary Goerlach; 241, Barbara Althizer; 242, Margaret Brown; 243, Dolores Controy; B9, Donald Murphy; 14, Patrick Scago; 101, William Benjamin; 102, John Ryder; 141, Robert Peaslee.

Home-room treasurers were also recently named by Vivian Traversa, class treasurer. They are as follows: 142, Margaret Richmany and Martha Ransford; 143, Irene Zajchowski and Dorothy Whitaker; 145, Jo Ann Sukel and Marilyn Spence; 147, Marion Silvernail and Jean Shepardson; 148, Josephine De Cario and Rose Di Filippo; 149, Katherine Nicola and Rena Nadeau; 212, Nancy Knoblock and Phyllis Lisi; 231, Helen Giftos and Jean Ferguson; 241, Frances Barry and Joan Bates; 242, Clara Beraldi and Fredericka Beeler; 243, Norma Carosso and Carolyn Coughlin; B9, Charles Beris; 14, Donald McIntyre; 141, William Stumpek; 101, Francis McMahon; 102, Dave Munsen.



JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

Carl Lunde '49

Standing—Anne Bossidy, Girl Vice President; Virginia Pratt, Secretary; Vivian Traversa, Treasurer.  
Seated—Anthony Sacchetti, President; Edward Grady, Boy Vice President.

#### JUNIOR CLASS COUNCIL

The duty of the Junior Council is to choose the chairmen for the various Junior activities. It is composed of two representatives from each Junior home room. The Junior Class Council held their initial meeting on Friday, January 30. After having their picture taken, the Council elected Jean Johnson chairman of the Good Will Committee. Members of the Junior Class Council are as follows: Joan Bates and Leo Albert, 241; Margaret Brown and Jarius Burt, 242; Norma Carosso and Donald Carpenter, 243; Dominic Dascani and Diamond Gregory, 148; Louise Elliot and Elmo Fresia, 231; Louis Marchetti and Jean Johnson, 212; Katharine Nicola and George Murphy, 149; Joanne Reder and Richard Pucko, 142; Marian Silvernail and Albert Romasco, 147; Ted Stewart and Joan Sullivan, 145; Margaret Weatherwax and Eilene

Zajchowski, 143; Thomas Mosca, 102; Ronald La Croix, B9; James Russo, 14; James Danford, 101; William Thompson, 141.

#### OASIS

On February 14, at the Y. M. C. A. the Valentine Dance was held. Mary Granfield and Richard Pucko, elected king and queen to reign over the dance, were crowned and presented gifts by Eleanor Lynch and Russell Peaslee. After the coronation Mary and Dick danced in the center of the floor, surrounded by their subjects. In recognition of Leap Year there were two dances when the ladies of the court asked the men to dance. This was an amusing innovation. Music was provided by the Shire City Orchestra and dancing was from 8 to 11. Delta Tri-Hi-Y was in charge of checking and hostesses.



### MOTION PICTURE CLUB

For the month of January, the pictures chosen for study by the Motion Picture Club were "Body and Soul" and "This Time for Keeps". On January 16, there was a theatre party to see "Body and Soul", on which a later discussion was led by Richard Persip. "This Time for Keeps" was the subject for a meeting on January 23 with John Coughlin in charge.

On February 13, the group met and elected Richard Persip as recording secretary to replace Nancy Dallmeyer. The discussions of the movies for February, "Green Dolphin Street" and "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," were led by Selma Garbowit and Richard Hamilton, respectively.

### THE CAMERA CLUB

The Camera Club has been having a busy month. Among the events taking place lately was a visit to the Henzel Photographic Studio. Mr. Henzel showed the club members the process of printing and developing and also taught them how to cover up mistakes on photos. He talked about the coloring of pictures and showed them his best.

One cold Sunday the club had an outdoor meeting at Springside Park. They took pictures of skaters, high jumping skiers, and of each other.

In the near future the club plans to take a trip to the studio of Sterling Photos.

### JUNIOR CHEERLEADERS

The regular one hour practice for those peppy junior cheerleaders is held every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon. The juniors have led the cheering at all the jayvee basketball games, but now that the basketball season is over, they will start practicing cheers for baseball. The junior cheerleaders are as follows: Barbara Crow, Betty Krasky, Joanne Reder, Pat Ploss, Donna McBride, Virginia Donald, and Henerosa Carmona.

### CARE about CARE

Determined to do their bit in aiding the victims of war, the faculty have set up a fund for the purpose of sending a CARE package each month to some needy European teacher. Miss Margaret Conlon of the Latin department is in charge of the project, and already the first package is on its way to a deserving recipient.

P. H. S. has never failed to respond most wholeheartedly to the needs of the unfortunate. Last semester the Silent Guest program was so warmly supported that Governor Robert Bradford wrote to Mr. Strout commending the school for its response to his appeal. Now our faculty has set a fine example by adopting a teacher overseas.

It seems unnecessary to stress the need for continued assistance to the people of war-ravaged lands.

Here comes our opportunity when CARE is presented to us. It is our chance to do a little for those who need so much. The students might well adopt a group of students and through our aid assist them in becoming sturdy, normal adults. Other communities have taken advantage of this opportunity. Our neighbor town of Stockbridge has adopted the town of Stockbridge in England, and wide publicity has been given to the adoption of Dunkerque in France by Dunkirk, N. Y. We, too, might do something similar. The knowledge of the great need should spur us on. Let P. H. S. get behind a CARE project and help less fortunate young people overseas.

### HEARD AROUND PITTSFIELD HIGH

Louise Bloomberg and Arlene Cohen were accepted at Syracuse University; Joseph Handler, at Union; Rene Moser and Howard Broverman, at R. P. I.; Emma Jones, at Hood; Doris Smith, at Mt. St. Vincent; Eleanor Lynch, New Rochelle.



### MEET THE FACULTY

You've seen him here, and you've seen him there; now we would like to have you meet him formally. Students, meet Mr. James P. Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds, who is the sophomore boys' class councilor, attended St. Joseph's High School, Berkshire Business College, and the University of New Hampshire, where he studied law and accounting. He received his Bachelor of Arts Degree from Holy Cross College in Worcester, Mass., and his Master of Arts degree from the University of Massachusetts at Amherst. Before coming to P. H. S., Mr. Reynolds taught at Crane Jr. High School for eight years. He has been a teacher of history and commercial law at P. H. S. for ten years. Mr. Reynolds' favorite pastimes are sports, especially golf, and "teaching an interested history class". For a fine person, our hats are off to Mr. Reynolds.

### ASSEMBLIES

A stirring lecture on Communism in the United States, was given on January 7, by John Roy Carlson, noted author and private investigator.

Speaking on "The New American Hate Front," Mr. Carlson, outlined a ten point program for all Americans to follow. Here are

a few of his suggestions: Join democratic groups, keep your faith in America, maintain a world outlook and above all, keep well informed on world affairs. If all of us do this, Mr. Carlson advised, the United Nations will have an opportunity to work in bringing about the world peace which is so vitally needed throughout this war-torn world.

On January 21, the Charm Quartet, consisting of four lovely young ladies, entertained the students with musical selections. Songs were sung from the Broadway hit "Oklahoma", and also such favorites as "The Lord's Prayer," "Hawaiian War Chant", and "The Italian Street Song." A few classical songs were also rendered. This program was sincerely enjoyed by all, as the costumes were very colorful and the music and songs, entertaining and lively.

A February assembly speaker was Marguerite Shoemaker, who related her thrilling experiences as a "Deep Sea Diver." Miss Shoemaker held her audience spellbound while she exhibited the mammoth mouth structure of a man-eating fish, the Barracuda, and also of a shark. This program was one of the most interesting given this year. Especially thrilling was the part in the program when Miss Shoemaker recalled her narrow escape from death while in a man-made pool with several man-eating fish. At the end of this fine talk, everyone left with the feeling that he had really learned something of interest about the deep sea.

Ramshaw, a pet falcon belonging to Captain Charles Knight of England was quite the center of attraction at Pittsfield High, on February 18. Captain Knight showed colorful films of his travels in the United States, South Africa and England. The films dealt mostly with bird life and the antics of Ramshaw. At the end of the movies, Ramshaw was brought out on the stage by Captain Knight and formally introduced to the students. When asked to "spread your wings," by several pupils in the audience, Ramshaw, promptly obeyed much to the delight of everyone.



Captain Knight confessed later that Ramshaw did this because Captain Knight had tried to dislodge him from his perch and Ramshaw in trying to regain his balance, spread his wings.

Before leaving, Captain Knight walked to the back of the auditorium and told Ramshaw to fly back to the stage. Skimming over our heads, Ramshaw flew up to the stage and back to his perch, leaving a breeze in his wake. Captain Knight and his amusing pet falcon are certainly welcome any time at Pittsfield High!!!

### VOCATIONAL NEWS

It looks as if the Machine Shop started something when they began getting jackets with an emblem representing their course on them, for now practically every Vocational department is getting them. Some of the emblems of the different shops tend to seriousness, while others lean towards comedy. Each course also has its own colors, which the boys agreed upon.

The Auto Body Shop has acquired a new compressor. The old one was not working as it should. There was not enough compression to do a good job, so the School Department decided that a new one was needed. The Auto Body boys are more than pleased with this new equipment.

It may be just superstition about the 13th being unlucky, but in the case of "Merk" Di Nicola, co-captain of the Pittsfield High Bowling team and member of the Drafting Department, the superstition certainly proved true. On February 13, 1948, Merk was busily trimming blueprints at the paper cutter in B-9 when the blade slipped from his hand and nearly severed a part of one finger. The injury was treated at St. Luke's Hospital. Unfortunately it was Merk's bowling hand that was cut, so he has not been able to bowl. I'm sure his teammates were sorry to hear what had happened to their anchor man, and we hope the injury will heal in a short time.

### MINUTE INTERVIEWS

What do you want the Easter Bunny to bring you?

NANCY KNOBLOCK—"A lime "ricky"!"

JEAN TRAVERS—A box of cracker "jacks"!

HOWARD NONKEN—A ball point pen that writes only correct answers.

NOMINA CHADWELL—"The Lost Chord" for Jimmy Durante.

"BILL" STEELE—A little egg called "Mumbles".

MARY KELLEY—Something nice.

"BILL" OSTASKI—A taxi without a meter for high school students.

MARY BAROLI—I don't know eggzactly.

"RONNY" SMITH—A basket of money to pay my class dues with!

MINNIE WHITAKER—Oh! That's something "Pierson"al!

"ED" STRAUSS—An invention that allows you to dress, wash, eat, and get to school in five minutes!

DOROTHY THOMPSON—Lots of "root" beer!

ROGER KARATKIEWICZ—A cute little bunny—and I don't mean a rabbit!

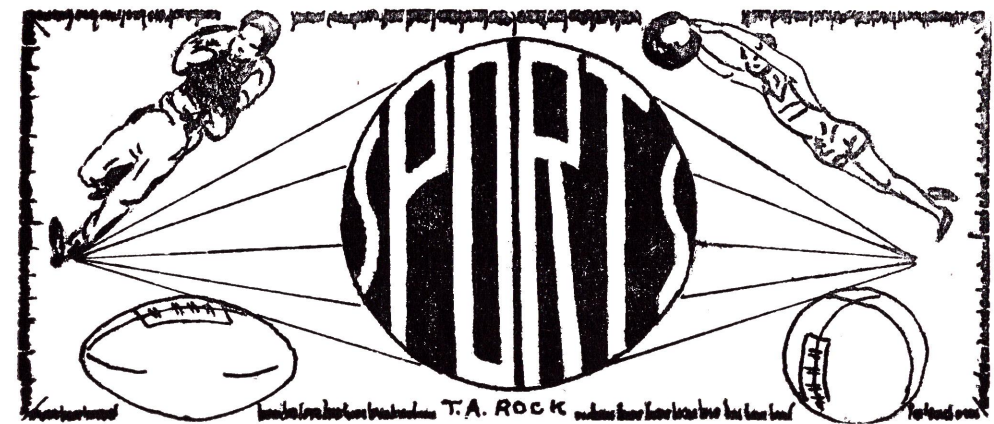
VIOLET ADAMS—"Al" lot of things.

"DON" REDFEARN—Some funny books to read in English!

JACK SAWICK—A certain girl who's five feet, four, with eyes of blue!

JEAN FRESHLER—A rabbit who can do my economics for me!

DOROTHY THOUBBORN—That tall, dark, and handsome Ronnie!



### WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS TOURNAMENT SCORES

P. H. S.	Opp.
22	Hopkins Academy 18
24	Westfield 20
29	Classical 30

### ADDITIONAL BASKETBALL SCORES

P. H. S.	Opp.
27	Adams 20
56	Williamstown 36
50	Dalton 32
56	St. Joe (N.A.) 30
34	Lenox Prep 25
41	Williams Coll. Fr. 47
41	Northampton 30
36	N. Berk. All-Stars 31

### P. H. S. WINS FINAL TWO LEAGUE CONTESTS

By James Dillon

The deed to second place in the North Berkshire Basketball League was given to Pittsfield High on February 13 as the Purple nosed out third-place Drury at North Adams to the tune of 24-21. Walt Creer was the hero of this contest, as the dependable guard threw 13 points, 6 in the last quarter, to top his mates in scoring. The dogged Isaiah Petruzella did another great cover-up job by holding 21-point-per-game Bob Kately to 9 tallies.

In the season finale against the local St. Joe quintet on February 18, Captain Bud Cauffman tossed in 11 markers to lead the Foxmen in a 36-30 win. Pittsfield entered the game in second place in the league and played without

worry of losing ground, since every team's position in the final standings had been decided on the previous Friday.

Although Bennington won the Berkshire crown, the Vermonters proved no obstacle to P. H. S. in the latter's quest for the Western Massachusetts title. Bennington, being outside of Massachusetts, will participate in the Vermont tournament, while Pittsfield, as runner-up gained the right to seek further glory in Massachusetts tournament play.

### PITTSFIELD 56—ST. JOSEPH (N.A.) 30

By Ed. Powers

Sparked by the shooting of Eddie MacMahon and "Ike" Petruzella plus the excellent passing of "BoBo" Quadrozzi, Pittsfield High put on a powerful offensive to bury St. Joseph of North Adams 56-30, at the Armory, February 11.

St. Joe proved surprisingly strong in the first period, gaining a thirteen thirteen tie. Bob McDonough of St. Joe started the scoring with a loop seconds after the tap. Moments later MacMahon matched him with a Pittsfield score. All through the period it was nip and tuck with Bud Cauffman dropping in the tying basket just before the first period was history.

Opening the second quarter, Cauffman and Petruzella put Pittsfield out in front with a basket apiece. Walt Creer made good on a free toss, and Quadrozzi followed with two from the fifteen foot mark. McMahon threw a two pointer in to complete an eleven point chain.



## BASKETBALL TEAM

First Row—Williams, Zavattaro, Gabriel, Kreiger, Dunstan, Sheran, Ferdyn, Massimiano,  
 Second Row—Pucko, Flint, McMahon, Petruzella, Cauffman, Creer, Quadrozzi, Snyder, Taylor, Morehead,  
 Third Row—Rocca, JV Coach Hickey; Assistant Managers—Shindler, Bentley, O'Boyle; Manager Segal, Coach Fox, Turner.

The locals raised their lead to 39-25 in the third quarter. Eddie McMahon came through with eight points, while Petruzella had three. Creer and Quadrozzi chipped in with a basket each.

Baskets by Snyder, Creer, Morehead, Taylor, and Cauffman, opening the final period, all but broke the Saints' back. In all, Pittsfield had seventeen points while St. Joe managed to scrape together five.

Eddie McMahon was high scorer with seventeen points and right behind him was Leveritt with fifteen. Petruzella was next with eleven. "BoBo" Quadrozzi played an outstanding floor game and his passing was remarkable.

#### PITTSFIELD EXTENDS WINNING STREAK OVER DALTON

By Jay Reder and Jim Cederstrom

Pittsfield High's basketball team followed its crushing victory over Bennington by overwhelming an inexperienced Dalton squad by the score of fifty to thirty-two. Capitalizing on superb foul shooting, the victors' lead was never seriously impaired. Garnering twenty out of twenty-six free throws, Pittsfield proved its superiority at the foul line. Dalton hit on ten out of twenty attempts. Pittsfield also led the "papertowners" in the goal-getting department, having a fifteen to eleven edge.

High scoring honors again went to William "BoBo" Quadrozzi, who registered seventeen points, nine of them on foul shots. Next in line was Walt Creer with nine points. Big Tony "Moose" Calabrese was high for the losers, notching thirteen points. He made eleven of these in the second half. Captain Horace "Bud" Cauffman of Pittsfield played an exceptionally fine floor game, and chipped in with seven points. The junior varsity squad also continued on its winning ways by defeating the Dalton "jayvees" by the score of forty-three to twenty-eight. Right forward Bud Turner was high man with eight points.

#### PITTSFIELD UPSETS BENNINGTON 24-21

By Leslie Burch

Bennington's winning streak was snapped on February 3 when an inspired Pittsfield team scored an upset of 24-21 over the Vermonters.

Isaiah Petruzella played a superb game as he held high scoring Dan Scott to ten points. Pittsfield, although trailing for three quarters, started a drive in the fourth that proved fatal to Bennington. Petruzella scored his third basket to put Pittsfield ahead 19-18. However Scott's foul shot and Tom Meaney's floor goal raised the score to 21-18. Eddie McMahon set a shot which tied the ball game. Bobo Quadrozzi then converted a free try and Pittsfield moved ahead for the remainder of the game, the Purple's last score was McMahon's lay-up which put them in front 24-21. Pittsfield played the entire game without a substitution.

#### DRURY WINS, 47-31

By James Dillon

It was simply a case of too much Bob Kately on January 21 as Drury High's 6 foot, 190 pound center scored 26 points to lead his chums in a 47-31 win over an astonished P. H. S. quintet. The Purple played their usual brand of ball in the first half, and at the end of that period, trailed by just one point. The Tunnel City residents, however, found the Armory floor to their liking as they outscored the locals 26 to 11 in the final two chapters.

Kately, definitely the county's finest schoolboy hoopster this season, is regarded by many "hot-stove" experts as the best court star to come out of these parts in years. No one of Pittsfield's five seemed capable of holding him, although Morehead and Petruzella made valiant attempts.

Bill Quadrozzi again led his team with ten markers, and Pete Snyder added seven to follow closely.





#### P. H. S. SKI TEAM

Henzel

Left to right—Coach George Maynard, Verne Goodwin, William Dunham, James Kilfeather, Richard Bartlett, Carolyn Budrow, Paul Wagenknecht, Richard Harrington, Edward Sisson, James Dunham and Willard Bridgham, Coach.

### P. H. S. WINS BERKSHIRE INTER-SCHOLASTIC SKI TITLE

By Dick Harrington

For the sixth successive time, the Pittsfield High School ski team has won the Berkshire Interscholastic crown by collaring three out of four events in the meet held Friday and Saturday, January 30 and 31, at State Forest.

With ten schools competing and 49 skiers entered, Verne Goodwin took three out of the four events. He lost first place in jumping to Ted Farwell of Turners Falls, but our Verne outjumped Farwell by 51 and 49 feet. Verne not only won three races but received the Besse-Clarke trophy for individual performance. For winning, P. H. S. was given a plaque on which the names of the eight members of the ski team will be engraved.

All of the local skiers placed in at least one

event. Those competing besides Goodwin were Ted Sisson, Jimmy Kilfeather, Jim and Bill Dunham, Paul Wagenecht, Dick Bartlett, and Dick Harrington.

During the week-end of February 13, the team took ninth place in the New England Scholastic Meet held at Bethel, Maine.

Coach Brigham's eight-man team performed creditably as Gould Academy of Bethel won the meet. Verne Goodwin made it look easy as he won the slalom championship. He also placed high in two other events.

P. H. S. placed seventh in the slalom, eighth in downhill and cross-country, and last in jumping at the Bethel meet.



#### P. H. S. HOCKEY TEAM

Henzel

Front Row—Parker, Pytko, Zullo, Carmody, Troy, Murphy, Perry, Francis, Kratkiewitz.  
Rear Row—Peronne, Chapman, Sheridan, Soutier, Verchot, Gaylord, Dwyer, Leonard, Kerichenko, Lovelle, Coach Carmody.  
Absent—Capt. Arpante, Brennan.

### HOCKEY HEADLINES

By Jay Reder and Jim Cederstrom

After a dismal start, the Pittsfield High hockey team found themselves in mid-season, and their play in the latter half of the schedule was greatly improved.

On January 17, Pittsfield notched their first victory of the season by trimming Darrow Prep, five to two. Pittsfield scored three times in the opening period and two in the third. The goals were made by Jim Francis, "Cy" Henry, Herb Zullo, Rit Arpante, and Connie Carmody.

On the following Wednesday, however, they were defeated on the Common by Lenox school. The final tally was four to nothing. Herb Smith was outstanding for Lenox, poking in two goals.

Hefty John Perrone, star fullback, made an auspicious debut in the nets for Pittsfield against Westfield on January 27. He was

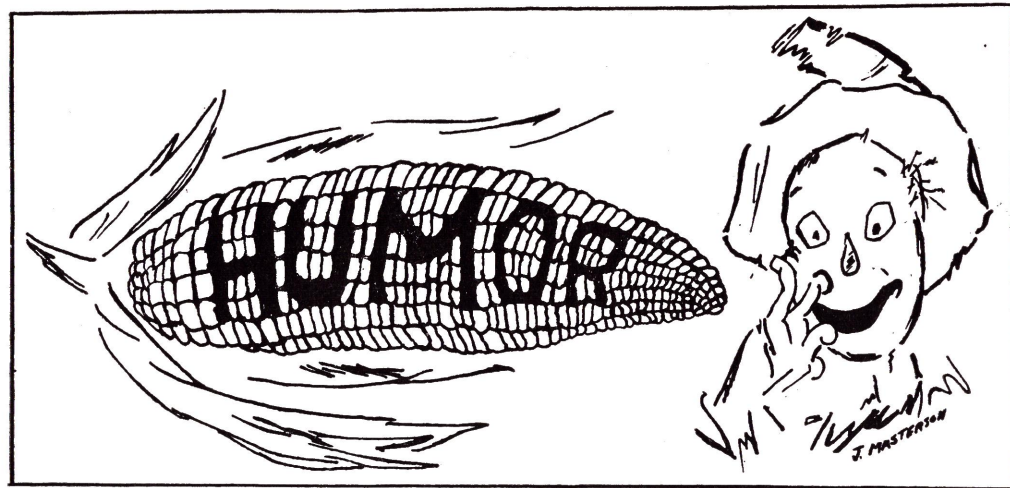
credited with many superb saves. The score was three to nothing in favor of Pittsfield. P. H. S. point getters were Troy, Carmody, and Arpante.

In their next outing, four days later, the purple sextet showed its greatest offensive form of the season in burying Albany Academy seven to one. Outstanding for Pittsfield were Captain Rit Arpante, Don Troy, and Al Perry.

In the final game of the season Pittsfield lost to Lenox School again, this time by the score of three to two in overtime. Both Pittsfield markers came in the first period and were made by Arpante and Troy. Bob Kline earned many praises for his scoring plays for Lenox.

Thus, the final record of the team was four wins, four losses, and one tie.





There is a story told of a fellow who had planned all his life to go to college, but only one thing kept him back—high school.

M. Burke: What did you tell your dad when he asked why you didn't like chemistry?

L. Prendergast: I told him it was a *vial* subject.

H. Broverman: I paid three hundred dollars for my clarinet.

D. Anderson: That's too much money to blow in.

Heard on the Lanesboro School Bus:  
Passenger: Does this bus stop at the Sheraton Hotel?

Driver: No. We leave it in the garage at night.

Mr. Gorman: Can you play the piano?  
Sophomore: I don't know. I never tried.

W. Barnes: Look here, I want my money back. This flute you sold me is full of holes.

Teacher: I wish you would pay a little attention, Joe.

Joe: Well, sir, I am paying as little as I can.

Miss Morse: "What country has the most chefs?"

R. George: "The Cook Islands!"

I have a wide acquaintance;

My girl's a great one, gee!  
But there's no getting around it:  
She weighs one-eighty-three.

Miss Morse: Do you think newspapers will ever be replaced by radio?

D. LaBarbera: No. You can't swat flies with a radio.

D. Skole: "I'm Don, positive."

T. Dressman: "I'm Ted, definitely."

B. Sandrew: "I'm Bernard, Shaw."

Jack Strauss says if he was an oyster, he'd deposit his pearls in the bank of a river.

Senior: "Why do sparks fly out of my hair when I comb it?"

Mr. Lynch: "Probably because its connected with a dry cell."

Mr. Maloney to class: "I take a lot of kidding about my age, but how old do you think I really am?"

Class: "22! 25! 23!"

Mr. M.: (Joyous, elated, enthused—and why not?)

Voice from back of room: "No, but you had fun for a minute, didn't you?"

Phil Osofer says: Footprints in the sands of time are seldom made by sitting down.

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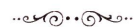
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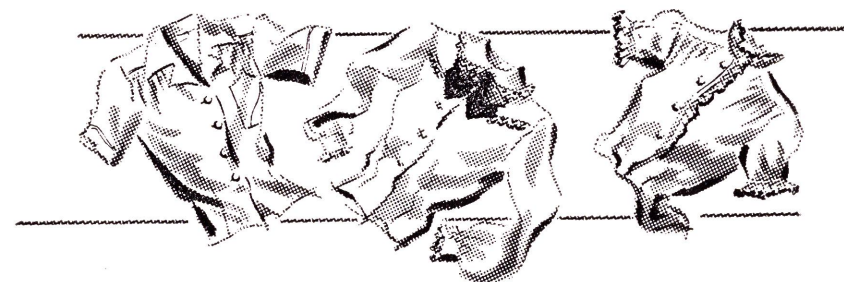
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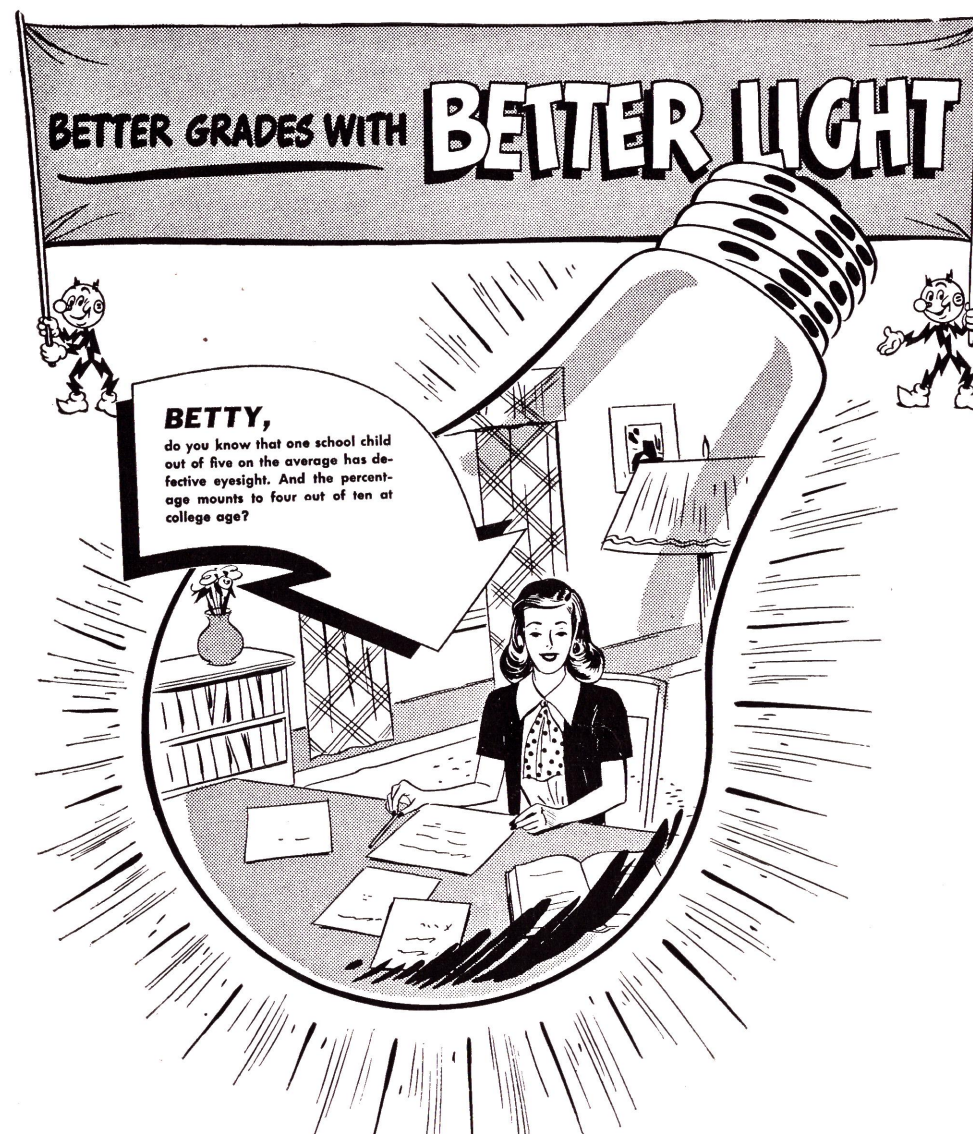


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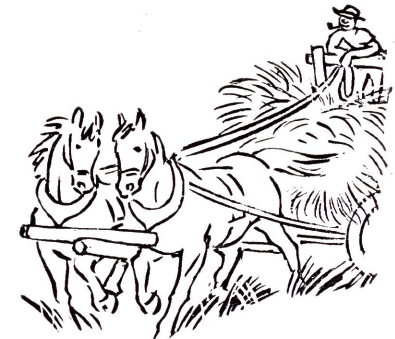
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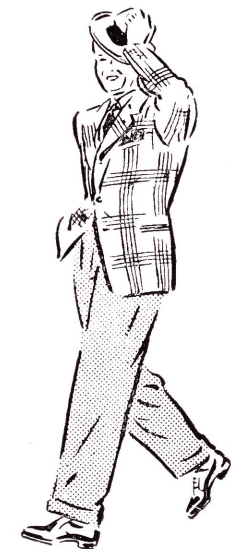
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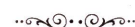
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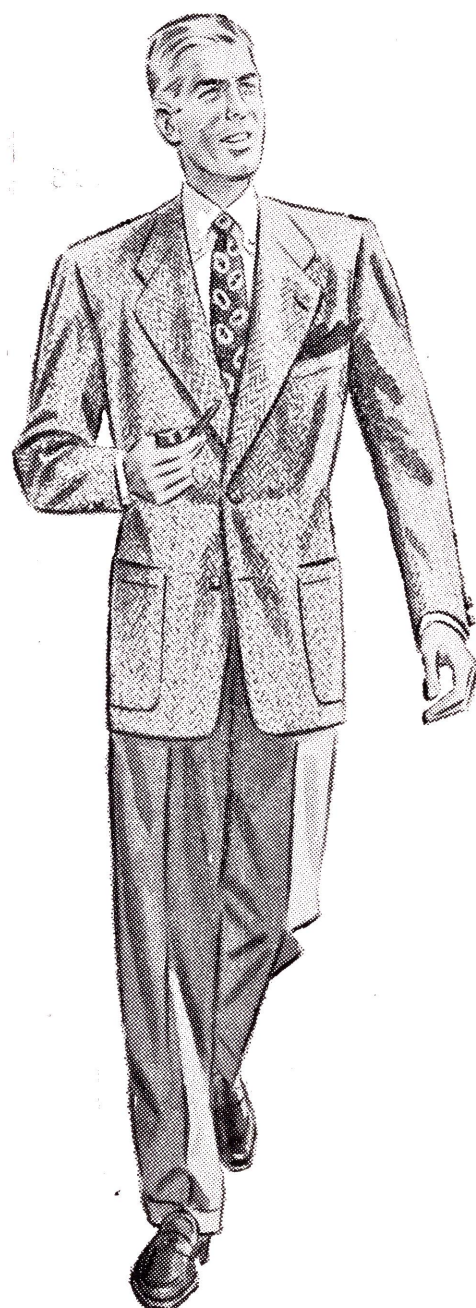


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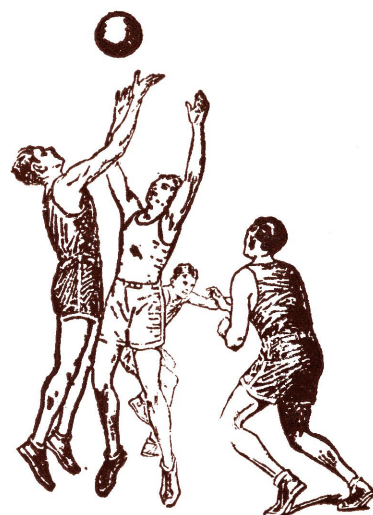
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